



## THE TIGER'S TRUST

That's What the Politics, Police and Law Officers of Cook County Have Come to Be Ruled By.

Honest Judges Who Try to Enforce the Law Are Laughed to Scorn,

While Hankins' Henchmen Congratulate Themselves Upon Their Great Ascendancy.

No Effort Made as Yet to Find Out Why Judge Horton's Charge to the September Grand Jury Was Ignored.

Chicago Ruled by a Gamblers' Trust, Which Defies All Opposition and Brooks No Competition.

The City Filled with Skin-Gambling Houses and Reeking with Robbing Policy-Shops.

A Special Grand Jury Needed to Crush This Carnival of Crime.

The gamblers of Chicago have formed a trust. All houses not belonging to this trust are closed by the police!

So strange is this fact that it almost surpasses belief. But THE EAGLE is in possession of information which confirms the truth of the statement beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The house at 124 Clark street was closed up because it would not join the trust. Besides, it was so near to Hankins' den that its competition might be dangerous.

The house at 42 Clark street was closed up because it would not join the trust.

Now, what connection have the police with this trust, that they so obediently carry out its wishes?

The whole community is talking about this subject, and will continue to talk about it.

It wants to know why the law officers who could find a pretense for hanging the "anarchists" can find no pretense for stopping gambling.

Was it because the anarchists had no money?

Perhaps so, for the money of the gamblers goes a good ways.

Here is some pretty plain talk from an editorial in the *Inter Ocean*:

"The gambling-house keepers to-day may celebrate their complete victory over Mayor Cregier. All pretenses toward suppression or restriction of their vicious calling appear to have been abandoned. We may hear from time to time of a raid upon the lottery-ticket sellers, for they did not contribute \$50,000 to the election of the Mayor. But the gamblers proper, the men with hundreds of thousands of capital vested in bells and dens, the deacons who lure ignorant youth and dotting age into the ante-chambers of hell, the dealers and attendants, the minor 'professionals' who share minor parts of the ill-gotten swag, all these are at ease in Chicago. The Mayor does not touch them with the hand of law, and they boast that he dare not."

What has Old Man Not-Afraid of His Whiskers to say to that?

He is the man who was going to drive some workmen out of town the other day for being Socialists!

Why doesn't he touch the gamblers?

The fact is that the TIGER is the boss!

George Hankins bosses the politics of Cook County to-day to the extent that his skin-gambling house and joint for the reception of workmen's salaries is allowed to run unmolested.

Did he control the September Grand Jury?

This is a grave question.

In the face of Judge Horton's solemn charge to that body on the gambling question it ignored the whole matter.

Mr. Cregier can close the saloons on Sunday. He finds a law permitting him to do that.

He finds no law against gambling.

The whole gambling gang should be indicted, and those who have been convicted twice already should be sent to Joliet.

### THE POLICY DEN.

A Battering Exposure in the Chicago Times.

The following from last Sunday's *Times* needs no extended comment:

There are in Chicago some thirty places where the adventurous citizen can tempt fortune in the guise of policy.

Policy is not a game which wise men play. The chances are too completely against the player to tempt any one who has a mind in the least mathematical. It has been calculated that the odds are 75-976 to 1 against three numbers turning up in the daily report, but if the player gets these three numbers he gets 200 times his stake.

That is, suppose that a stake of \$1 were

Douglas H. Bergh, whose business address and residence are not recorded in the city directory.

Up to two years ago Jesse H. Smith, in his day a well-known character about town, was one of the backers. He died of cancer, and Morton succeeded him. Those "backers" are supreme in all the details of the business in Chicago. They handle the funds, appoint, discipline, and discharge the sub-agents, and, in a word, perform all the functions of the moneyed man in a faro bank.

A VENDERS' DIRECTORY. The principal offices where policy tickets are written in Chicago are these:

SOUTH SIDE.

John H. Adams, 14 Clark street, Charles Reppman, 14 Clark street, rooms 3 and 4.

Chas. Hunt, 113 Madison street, room 10. George Wheeler, 100 Randolph street, in the saloon.

Douglas H. Bergh, 236 State street, in the basement under the saloon.

E. S. Pettit, 201 Clark street, room 11.

John Mansfield, 72 Harrison street, in the basement.

Henry Lee, 186 Jackson street, top floor. Supposed to be a printing office.

Frank Mumford, 161 and 166 Washington street.

—, 393 Clark street.

John Duntley, 1253 State street, shoe shop.

Frank Wolskole, 294 State street, in a basement used as a barber shop.

Jacob Weigler, 187 State street, in a basement.

WEST SIDE.

Mike Gowen, 48 South Halsted street, in a basement used for a coal office.

James Lewis, 162 South Halsted street, in a basement used as a coal office.

numbers, and then wait until the printed lists assure you that you have not won anything.

The gentlemen who are getting rich off the game attend to all the rest.

MANAGEMENT OF THE GAME.

Civil service reform rules are closely observed in the conduct of the business. When a sub-agent shows himself lucky in getting trade and holding custom, when his returns are promptly made and his work well done, he is promoted up and up until in the fullness of time he may come to be a "backer" himself. Everybody connected with the concern thrives save the unfortunate players. The agents retain for their pay 20 per cent. of the gross receipts. The lists, "books" as they are called, are made out twice daily in triplicate. One of them the agent retains, the other two, together with 80 per cent. of the money, he forwards at once to the backers.

The backers retain one "book" and half the net money after paying losses and expenses, and forward the other to the owners, with their share of the plunder.

In order to guard against any mistakes which the backers might make, a private arrangement has been made with the express company to note the time when the lists are deposited. This must be done daily at 11:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. The winning numbers are sent by telegraph in cipher over the Western Union line immediately after each drawing.

AT THE CLARK STREET OFFICE.

The chief focus of policy in Chicago is at 79 Clark street, in the rear part of the office of the Nickel-Plate Railroad. Here Messrs. Morton, Erby, and Bergh have their desks, and here daily they meet to discuss the situation. C. A. Skinner, the agent of the road, knew nothing about his mysterious office-mates. They had desk-room in the

ter, I go buy numbers from Mister Meyer. I got no tickets here." He seemed to be an agent of an agent, and the Mr. Meyer referred to was, of course, the one referred to above at 62 North Clark, who does the largest business in the city, and who has a number of myrmidons—white, yellow, black, and mixed—who entreat the passer-by for business in his behalf.

POOR PEOPLE'S MONEY.

The customer is almost invariably the black or the poor white. Policy has all the charms for the negro that exist in the alluring game of craps. There are fairy stories about winners and winnings which attract his fancy, and which he tells with a voice full of conviction.

It seems that policy is played largely on a basis of dreams. Every sort of dream has its appropriate number, or combination of numbers, which will be found recorded in the books, and this the dreamer plays.

Everybody has heard of the combination 4-11-14, but according to the best testimony on the levee this trinity has gone out, and wise speculators now confine themselves to 2-13-23 or 5-15-27, unless they have some special reason like a vivid dream or an insistent number on a sign-board or a street-car, to tempt them off the narrow path of science into the primrose ways of luck pure and simple.

No heavy winnings have been made in Chicago (or the last six months). The best has been the capture made by a couple of Pullman porters who got \$289 in September, and who have gone off with their winnings, to the great disgust of the vender who got the money for them.

The police are in possession of the names and addresses of most of the venders, although the names of the backers have not hitherto been made known to them. Their defense, when asked why the places have not been raided is that the law has practically tied their hands as to the minor miscreants.

The revelations given above will show them their way to the more important ones. The Mayor of the city of Chicago is now in possession of the above facts. What will he do?

### A SAMPLE OFFICE-SEEKER.

The Sort of Biographies that The Eagle Declines to Print—A Rejected Manuscript.

Although importuned to follow a time-honored custom and print paid notices of certain candidates, THE EAGLE refuses to do so at any price. This is an independent newspaper. When it has anything good to say about a man it will not hesitate to say it. When it has anything bad to say about him, it will give the public the benefit of its information. Following is a specimen of several rejected manuscripts, which were accompanied by a request to "print at regular advertising rates in news columns, and send bill!"

"William Henry Fastpup, who was nominated by the Republican County Convention for the position of County Commissioner, is an old and respected resident of Chicago. He is a lineal descendant of the Fastpup who was a deck-hand on the ark with Noah. He is a man of great enterprise, and has been in constant demand to play shrapnel engagements in various State Penitentiaries, but has declined them all. His popularity is simply wonderful, as was shown at the primary elections last week. Mr. Fastpup has been frequently solicited to run for office before, but has modestly refused, preferring to serve his country in humble \$1,800 clerkships in the City Hall, Federal and County Buildings. He is a member of Bunko Lodge 2813, K. F. J. M.; Lullaby Chapter, D. A. M.; Court Come Home, C. O. U. C. H.; Red Head Lodge, Order of Hairpins; Poker Circle, W. E. P.; and is Past High Ranger in the Order of White Chips. Mr. Fastpup is also a member of Apollinaris Council, No. 1, O. of the Q. R.; Gin Phiz Tribe, 86, U. O. D.; Last Man Temple, G. R. L. P.; and Past the Buck Congregation, of the Ancient Order of Goat Riders. What citizen can refuse to vote for him? We predict his election."

### ADAMS DID IT.

The North Side Congressman Cooks the Goose of Ex-Senator Campbell.

The friends of Congressman Adams, of the North Side, are jubilant over the fact that their Representative has at last secured recognition at the White House. He has all along been in favor of a prominent gentleman living on the North Side for Customs Collector, but has been opposed by Senator Farwell, who supported Campbell. Mr. Adams has succeeded in having Campbell knocked out, and is now pushing the claims of his friend with all his might.

The pockets of the British infantry coats are to be sewed up till the men are on active duty.



## THE EAGLE'S CLAW

It Is Firmly Fastened in the Windpipe of Blather-skite Frank.

The Lobster Statesman from the Second District Beaten in His Own Ward.

He Is Snowed Under by His Disgusted Neighbors, at the Fairest Primary Ever Held.

The \$9 Bellows May Now Retire to the Jungles of Washington to Work Up Some Long-Distance Popularity.

The Nineteenth Ward has covered itself with glory. For the second time this year it has rejected Frank Lawler at the polls.

THE EAGLE, now predicts, his utter defeat in the Congressional campaign of 1890, and the ignominious retirement of this contemptible little demagogue and disturber to private life.

But perhaps he will prefer to remain an attraction at picnics.

There is no place outside of a dime museum where Frank Lawler is such an attraction as at a picnic.

He and a ham sandwich always share the honors of the occasion, and they are well mated.

Lawler was beaten on a fair vote by the largest majority ever given against a man in his own ward.

His goose is cooked.

His selfishness, boorishness, and general uselessness can now go into some dry dock or wet dock for repairs.

The boys of a lost lobster may now be heard upon Taylor street.

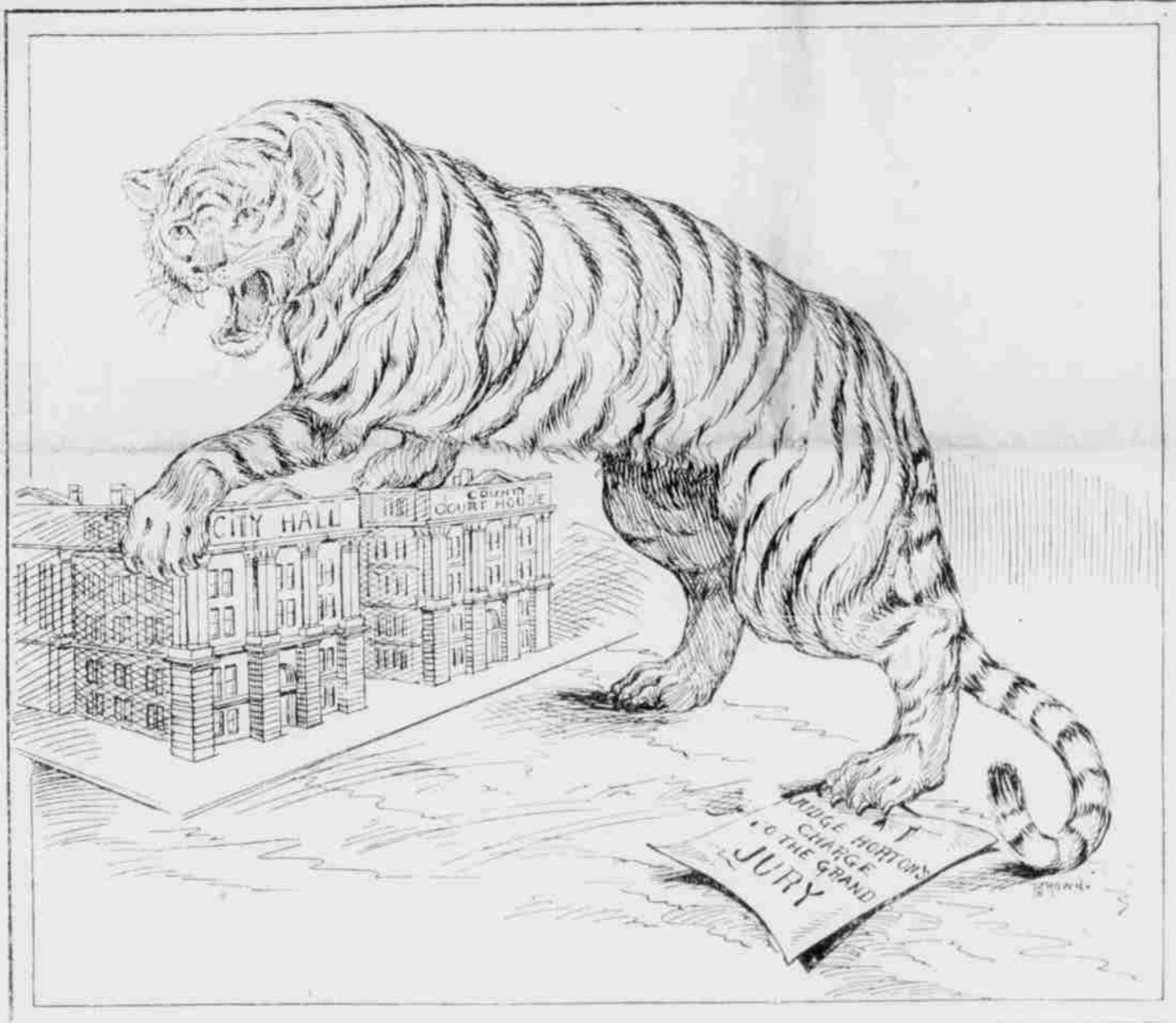
They are ungrammatical lays, as usual, but they can be recognized by that fact as belonging to Lobster Frank, the soon-to-be-forgotten.

Good-by, Lobby, old boy. You were a Lawlah in your day.

The following, from a daily paper, gives a few figures:

"There were some lively times at the Democratic primaries yesterday, but, as a rule, peace and good order prevailed at the various polling-places. Undoubtedly the hardest fight carried on in any of the wards was that waged in the Nineteenth between the friends and enemies of Congressman Lawler. It resulted in a complete rout of Lawler's forces. Every precinct was carried by the 'regulars,' as the anti-Lawler men styled themselves. Two tickets were in the field—Lawler's, which was styled the 'Citizens' ticket, and the regular Democratic. Lawler's own precinct, the Seventh, went against him by forty-five majority; in the First Precinct the vote was 119 to 42 against Lawler."

A WELL-KNOWN woman of Racine, Wis., recently underwent two surgical operations with peculiar result. She has been troubled with severe pains in her left arm and right leg for a long time, and treatments by various physicians afforded her no relief. Some days ago she consulted Dr. Sena, of Milwaukee, who opened her arm. He discovered a needle imbedded in the tissues and muscles of the arm, which he removed. The operation afforded the patient temporary relief, but pains continued in the right leg. Dr. Sena was again called, and operated on the leg, finding a second needle imbedded in the tissue of that limb. The doctor says, the case is a peculiar one, especially so as the patient cannot imagine when or how the needles entered her body.



What are you going to do about it?

played in, the lottery managers, instead of giving the winning player \$75,076, as they should honestly do, give him \$300—something like 370 times too little money. As a consequence, the game is played chiefly by the ignorant. The average white man would sooner blow in his money against faro or roulette, where the odds are not quite as bad as 370 to 1, than in policy, where one can get nothing better than an opportunity to contribute something for nothing.

OWNED IN JERSEY CITY. The real owners of this swindling device are S. T. Dickinson, Thomas Hinds, and William France, whose headquarters are at Jersey City, N. J. The game, however, is located a good distance away from there.

Under the laws of Kentucky policy is a recognized institution and the Jersey City people have a monopoly on their confidence game, for which they pay a percentage toward the support of the Kentucky public schools.

There are two drawings a day at Frankfort, Ky., where what the negroes call the "yellow book" is drawn, and at Covington, where the "white book" goes on record. It is supposed that these drawings are made by blindfolded boys, and champions of the lottery declare that they are fairly made. This is not true, however, as, despite the tremendous percentage against the player, it is claimed that the drawings are manipulated besides.

WHO THE BACKERS ARE. In every town where policy is an organized institution there are three men known as the backers, who are responsible for the game and who manage it in their ballwick. These men are always so chosen that they have some other ostensible business besides their lottery venture. Usually they are solid men, generally taken to be respectable and valuable citizens.

In Chicago the backers of the policy game are:

Maudslayi A. Morton, a real-estate dealer at room 21, 115 Dearborn street, residence, 2806 Indiana avenue.

John H. Erby, of Bergh & Erby, at 137 Wabash avenue. He boards at the Tremont.

Joseph Young, 55 South Halsted, in a basement used as a coal office.

Fred Rents, 182 West Lake, apparently a green-grocery store.

Frank Lambert, 65 South Jefferson street, a cigar store and laundry.

NORTH SIDE.

H. K. Meyer, 62 Clark street, room 4.

Moses Herman, 228 Clark street.

There are a number of other policy-shops—thirty-four in all—in the town, but these are the principal ones, and the business they do may be estimated out of the fact that the net profit made by the Chicago managers is \$4,500 a month, every penny of which comes out of the pockets of the very poorest and most helpless class in the community.

HOW IT IS PLAYED.

In policy there are seventy-eight numbers placed in a wheel, and of these twelve are drawn out. The player buys a set of numbers, say 3, 13, 23 or 1, 11, 21, or 8, 18, 28, the three favorite combinations. If in the twelve numbers pulled out of the wheel by the blindfolded boy as aforesaid the three figures the player has chosen occur he gets 200 times his stake. If two of the numbers turn up he gets thirty times his stake. If one number appears he gets five times his investment.

Or if he is a sapient and luck-trusting "coon" he may play "a horse," in which he calls four numbers. In the event that he calls the right four, 300 times the amount paid in is given to him; but on the other hand, as long as policy has been played there is not one single instance on record when a "horse" has won. Next to the horse in infrequency of occurrence comes the "4, 8." These initials stand for the words "capital saddle." The capital saddle pays 400 to 1, and to win it one must call two numbers in the order in which they are drawn. For instance, if one bets on 3 and 14 and in the drawing the figures come out 14 and 3, one loses.

A winner on the capital saddle has yet to be found since the game began to excite certain most respectable citizens of Chicago.

The game is simplicity itself. All you have to do is to sneak into a dice box, buy

rear part of the chamber, but what they did at these desks, what hours they kept, where they might be met, were all questions about which he knew nothing whatever, and apparently cared less.

At Mr. Morton's regular address, 110 Dearborn street, where that gentleman is supposed to carry on a real estate business, he was also missing. Room 23, which Mr. Morton is supposed to inhabit, is occupied by a firm of lawyers. Mr. Morton, they said, dropped in in the mornings to get his mail, but his hours were irregular and his attendance uncertain. He was never there after noon, and seldom for any length of time in the mornings. Hence no explanation emanating directly from the backers can be given.

THE PEOPLE WHO PLAY.

Although the backers of the policy game are by no means easy to find save by those who bring money to their net it does not require a finely developed detective instinct to locate the subordinate offices of this colossal swindle.

The sub-agents are established chiefly in laundries, behind saloons, in cigar-stores, and in two instances the vender is a waiter in a restaurant. In each case the surroundings are suitable to the last degree. Fortune apparently sets up her shrine upon a Chinese bazaar. She is economical in order to prove that the dope is not paying for an expensive plant, plate-glass and flow figures, which go to make a large part of the charms of faro. One of the diverse districts territory with a Chinese laundry and opium joint, just as the head offices occupy part of the Nickel-Plate railroad offices.

In this case, however, the vender, Henry Barker, was out of town, probably on a visit to his aunt Mary, and Quong Tin Wang, of 205 Clark street, was doing business in his place.

"What you want? No warden?"

"No. I want to get two numbers," said the investigation.

"We gotten numbers we put up in cents. What numbers you want?"

"Give me 14-23," said the caller, who had been playing this combination all over the town with recovering ill-luck.

"Well," said Quong "you give me open-